



HOLINESS TO THE LORD

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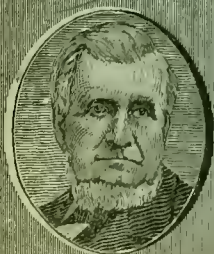
# JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR

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MAGAZINE

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of the Young

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GEORGE Q. CANNON,  
EDITOR.  
SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH.



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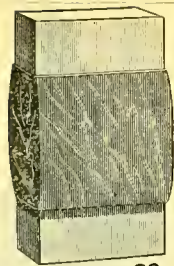
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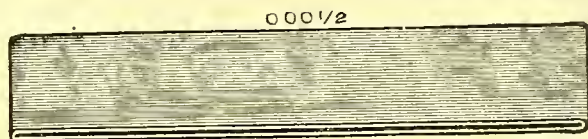


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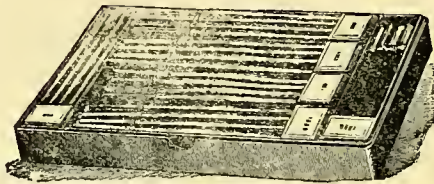




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# THE JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR.

Organ for YOUNG LATTER DAY SAINTS

VOL. XXIX. SALT LAKE CITY, SEPTEMBER 15, 1894.

No. 18.

## THE NEW ENGLAND CONSERVATORY.

UNDOUBTEDLY most of the readers of the JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR, old and young, have heard of the New England Conservatory of Music, at Boston. Some in all probability, if interested in music, have longed to take a course of study there.

It may be there are those only wait-

York, Boston or Chicago offers to the student superior advantages over the other cities of the United States, and therefore I would advise that the choice should lie between the three. As the purpose of this sketch is to deal with Boston and its justly famed music college, I hope to be pardoned for not saying more of either New York or



NEW ENGLAND CONSERVATORY OF MUSIC, BOSTON, MASS.

ing for better times to go to the far east to continue their chosen study, or, in all likelihood, others who contemplate taking a course in the divine art have not, as yet, been able to make up their minds to which point they should turn as offering the greatest advantages. To the latter I would say, that either New

Chicago, and their musical institutions.

In 1853 Dr. E. Tourjée founded in Rhode Island the first American college of music. Later it was moved to Boston, and occupied what is now the Music Hall, where it continued to grow until in a few years it became too large for that building and for that part of

the city. Purchase was then made of the new hotel building, the St. James, containing six hundred or seven hundred rooms, which gave to the institution quarters not equalled by any musical college in America.

Its growth was now remarkable for a number of years, and has continued until the present day. In 1893 and 1894 the pupils numbered some 1600, while the list of instructors included fifty-five or sixty of the best in the world.

The building itself which takes up nearly the whole of one side of a block almost as large as one of the Salt Lake blocks, is of brick and stone, seven stories high, and faces a beautiful and well-kept park of ten or twelve acres known as Franklin Square.

Not a few of the world's most famous singers obtained the greater part of their knowledge here. It is generally conceded that America leads the world in vocal music, and if so, there is no institution to which more credit is due for accomplishing this result than the New England Conservatory. To the vocal student many advantages are open. Besides receiving instruction from some of the most popular and best singers in America, the faculty and advanced pupil recitals, occurring twice a week, are free to the Conservatory students, and serve to educate them in such a way that only the cultivated rendering of the best music is really appreciated. In addition to these concerts, the vocal student is required, and no doubt finds it enjoyable as well as profitable, to take part in the study of oratorios, cantatas, etc., as a member of the chorus class. Talented pupils are thought highly of, and frequently, after the first year or two of study, are enabled to pay the greater part of their expenses by choir and church singing;

many applications being made to the faculty every month or so for pupils with good voices and ability to read well at sight.

The piano student enjoys the opportunity of studying under the most advanced teachers, a number of whom are counted among the best of Liszt's pupils.

The instrument is one of great popularity there, and everything is done to aid a student who wishes to learn. The best and latest methods of finger action are taught, and the highest of classical music used as studies for the more advanced pupils. In fact the work of the institution seems to be based largely on the old truth, that to detect the difference between the good and the worthless, always study to acquaint yourself with the good, and soon your mind is satisfied with nothing but the best.

Next in importance to good, hard study and practice for the orchestral player is the opportunity given to be present when the finest works are rendered by the grandest orchestras. Such opportunities are afforded the student of the violin or other orchestral instruments at Boston. The teachers undoubtedly take rank with the best in the country, and the orchestral class is not excelled by any of the kind elsewhere.

The pupil may attend during the year, without additional cost, some six or eight chamber concerts, given by the faculty string quartette—an organization fully equal to any of the professional clubs of the highest rank. Further, the Grand Symphony, the peer of any orchestra in the new or old world, and which all musical students are advised to hear as often as they can afford, performs twice a week for six months of the year. Space will not permit, or I



should be happy to give the reader some idea of this magnificent orchestra with its great list of world-renowned performers. Of all the musical organizations of America this certainly ranks highest, and every musical American should feel a great pride in it.

Pupils entering the Conservatory are advised to prepare themselves to take up the study of Harmony and Composition and Theory. The first-named are taught under the direct supervision of Dr. Percy Goetschius, and by such well-known composers as Geo. C. Whitney, G. W. Chadwick, J. M. Dunham, and Benjamin Cutter.

The pupil enjoys the special advantage of having his composition produced by the best of performers, and under the most favorable circumstances.

The well-known and able critic, Mr. L. C. Elson, is at the head of the Theory branch, and is further engaged to deliver a series of lectures on musical topics.

In addition to those touched upon, courses in pipe organ playing, wind instruments (either orchestral or band), tuning, history of music, literature, elocution, languages, art and the sciences are open to the student, some of them without extra cost.

Casual mention of the faculty and pupil recitals has already been made, but to give some idea of the benefit they are to the pupil it would be well to state, that during the year just past the students were treated to eighteen concerts by members of the faculty, consisting of varied programs, and dealing with the best works of the ablest composers; and also to sixty or seventy concerts by the pupils of the different grades. As these latter are open to students of the school both as listeners and participants, one can readily under-

stand that vast good would be the result. The pupil is thus trained to appreciate and enjoy the highest class of music, and at the same time acquire an ease and grace before an audience that could be gotten in no other way. As stated, any or all of these recitals are free to the student.

Without doubt, Boston supports as many great musical societies of far-reaching fame as any American city. Among some of the noted may be mentioned the great Symphony Orchestra, with its ninety members, most of whom are eminent soloists; the Handel and Hayden Oratorical Society, of three hundred or four hundred trained voices, having been organized for over eighty years; the Apollo Club, the active membership of which is limited to one hundred members, all of whom have passed successfully a most rigid examination, and perhaps waited years before a place was open; the Conservatory Orchestra, the Bostonians, an operatic organization known all over the land; the Mendelssohn Quintette Club, and many other clubs and organizations of scarcely less renown.

As has been truthfully said, New York is the home of American operatic organizations; but when it comes to a question of putting forth immense musical societies, fully capable of handling the highest classical music, Boston is equal even to that city.

It may be well to close with a few facts as to the cost of instruction at this Conservatory. If one had decided to take up a course consisting of, say voice, piano, Solfeggio and Italian, his tuition and music for the ten months would cost about \$210, while the piano and room rent and board and washing would amount to \$255 more, making a total of about \$465, to which must be

added the expense of clothing oneself and travel.

If, instead of the studies named, such others as violin, piano, harmony and theory were chosen, the cost would be some \$60 more, or about \$515.

These figures are based upon board and lodging being had at a private house, and the writer believes them to be a fair average. In case the pupil were a young lady, without relatives or guardians at Boston, usually she would be obliged to stay at the Conservatory Home, and her expenses might be a trifle higher or lower than those above. I have taken pleasure in giving these few items regarding this great college, for I feel that it is due those having it in charge for the kindnesses I have received while a student there, and for the interest taken in pupils who show by their work a disposition or ambition to succeed.

*G. W. T., Jr.*

#### A YOUNG MISSIONARY'S EXPERIENCE IN SAMOA.

LALONI, MULIFANUA, UPOLU, SAMOA,  
August 6th, 1894.

*Editor Juvenile Instructor:*

THINKING perchance a few lines pertaining to the work of the Lord, and some few experiences connected with missionary life in this remote part of the world would be interesting to the numerous readers of your valuable magazine, I will attempt to describe some which it has fallen to my lot to witness, while being permitted to labor in the above-named cause. By way of explanation, I will say that we are situated at the western extremity of this island, which extends eastward some seventy-six miles, and has a width of probably twelve miles.

During the past six months, while the natives have been warring, our little village has entertained, on three different occasions, a division of the army of probably one thousand men. The last time we were thus situated (June 2nd), King Malietoa also Moli, second in authority, with body guards and attendants paid us a visit, during which time we had dinner and an hour's chat with the present ruler of Samoa.

We found him to be a very pleasant old gentleman, with short, silver grey hair, dark-brown eyes, shaded with medium heavy eyebrows, rather broad nose, and dark, medium heavy moustache. He has a deep bass voice, and one would say, from an interview similar to which we had with him, that he is of a very quiet disposition. I would judge him to be five feet nine inches in height, and to weigh one hundred and eighty pounds. He wore a broad-rimmed white straw hat and was dressed in a dark-blue, worsted coat buttoned close around the neck and a blue cheviot "lavalava," which came down to his knees, his limbs from here down being bare. We also noticed while eating that he was left-handed.

Such is a meagre description of the person over whom his fellowmen are fighting, one side defending him, while their opponents are seeking his overthrow. It is impossible to say how the battle will terminate, but I believe the general opinion is that Malietoa's days as ruler are numbered; but as to this time alone will tell.

The king remained in this vicinity for two days, then with his party moved along some eight miles to the south east, not, however, until he had been attacked the night before by the rebels, and in a short skirmish which followed



very nearly lost his life. Leaving his party at the last-described location he returned to Mulinuu, close to where two men-of-war are anchored, where he still remains.

Under existing circumstances, it is impossible to explain our mission to this people, as war alone seems to be the topic with them; but with a view of doing some little good, my companion and I decided to take a trip around the island. So on Saturday, June 30th, we left here and went to the place where the party of warriors mentioned above were stationed. The next day (Sunday) we held three meetings with them, and endeavored to explain the glorious plan of salvation to their understanding.

We remained with them over night, during which time they continually beat drums, etc., so sleep was next to an impossibility. Leaving them the following morning, we climbed up a narrow passage for the space of half a mile, when we came upon a division of the rebels. They have a very strong fortification, and as the attacking party would have to climb up a steep mountain, single file, to make the attack, they are tolerably safe in their present position. We found a dozen men on duty as guards, who permitted us to pass.

While here on the top of this mountain, shaded by dense trees, we held a meeting with them, at their request. They formed a circle, gun in hand, and all listened quite intently to our testimonies save one old man, who, perched on the wall, with his gun prepared, was looking for a chance to kill his fellow-man, at the same time he was hearing counsel which, if obeyed, would save his soul.

We now descended the opposite side of the elevation, and again held a

meeting, with twenty in attendance. After the meeting one of the chiefs wanted me to take his daughter's hand, and asked my traveling companion if it were not possible that such might be the case. This is, by the way, quite a frequent invitation extended to Mormon Elders in this land.

We remained with this party until the following morning, and then set out for Siumu, a distance of twenty-five miles, at which place we have a branch of the Church. We did not reach there until the following day (July 4th), however, as we neglected no opportunity of bearing our testimony on the way.

In traveling this distance there are a number of large streams to ford; over some we were assisted by kind natives, while others we waded with our clothes on, much to the pleasure of children who would follow us to the water's edge. Arriving in Siumu, we met our brethren, with whom we remained over Sunday, and then pursued our journey.

A little incident of some excitement occurred while we were here, which I will mention. A number of men in boats came to take food from this village, when some of the men of the village were going to offer resistance. They seemed determined to fight, but the women used their persuasion against such a movement and induced them to flee—the wisest course, as they were considerably outnumbered.

In two days' walk we came to Siupapa, another branch of the Church, and spent two pleasant days with our brethren here. During the whole journey from Lalovi to this point we received inquiries from the natives, of our deceased president, R. M. Stevens, he having made such an impression upon them in his travels over the same

ground some six months previous. One man, a foreigner, told me he was convinced of the truth of the Gospel through a conversation he had with him, where they remained up most of the night discussing its glorious plan.

Taking leave of Siupapa, we crossed over the mountain to the east side, and arrived at another encampment of the rebel party just as the sun was casting its last rays upon us, Saturday, July 14th. Sunday we held meeting with them, then journeyed along a few miles and came upon their enemy, with whom we also held services. A walk of six more miles brought us to the mission house at Fagalii, where we remained until the following Friday, and then started for our home. We stopped about half-way between stations, and held Sunday morning meeting with some of the king's party, as a division of about three hundred strong are stationed here, and reached Lalovi in the afternoon in time to hold meeting with the few women and children who are at present here. We feel well paid for the trip, and trust that we have sown some good seed that will take root in days to come.

I know of no way wherein we can see the hand of the Lord made manifest towards us as on our journeys of this kind, as help comes in such a way and at such times that we can plainly see the assistance of our Heavenly Father. Little incidents, too numerous to mention, are constantly happening which increase our faith in the glorious work and bring us joy and rejoicing in our labors. We are unitedly praying, hoping, and firmly believing that existing circumstances of today will be eventually overruled for the progress of the work in this land, although at present it would appear that it is somewhat impeded in

its progress, as families are divided, the whole country talking of war and war alone, and few or no baptisms are being made. We trust that a spirit of repentance may come over this people, for whom there are such glorious promises in store, that upon them and their posterity may be fulfilled the predictions of ancient and modern prophets, that these Lamanites may come to a knowledge of their forefathers, and of the Gospel of Jesus Christ. May our Father in Heaven bless the youth of Zion, and cause them to realize their true position before Him, is the prayer of one of their number.

*Tamaitui.*

---

#### BAD TEMPER.

THERE are few things more productive of evil in domestic life than a thoroughly bad temper. It does not matter what form that temper may assume, whether it is of a sulky kind that maintains perfect silence for many days, or the madly passionate, which vents itself in absolute violence. Ill-temper at any age is a bad thing; it never does anybody any good, and those who indulge in it feel no better for it. After the passion has passed away, one sees that he has been very foolish, and knows that others see it too. Bad temper in the aged is, perhaps, the most trying of all; it is indeed a pitiable sight to see the wrinkled cheek of an old person inflame with the fires of anger and passion. Since anger is useless, and an unspeakable misery to its victims, why should it be indulged in at all?

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SELF respect governs morality; respect for others governs our behavior.



THE

**Juvenile Instructor**

GEORGE Q. CANNON, EDITOR.

SALT LAKE CITY, SEPTEMBER 15, 1894.

**EDITORIAL THOUGHTS.****Baptism of Children.**

IN visiting Sunday Schools at different times, the editor has made a practice of inquiring of the children how many there are of eight years of age who have not been baptized; and he has been surprised at finding a number of children of that age who have not received this holy ordinance. This should not be among the Latter-day Saints. It is the duty of parents and of guardians, who are members of the Church, to impress upon the minds of the children the importance of their being baptized when they are eight years old. Every child who is properly taught upon this subject will look forward with anticipation and pleasure for the arrival of its eighth birthday. They will count the months that have to elapse before they can receive this ordinance. Even if their birthday comes in cold weather they will still look forward to the time when they will be baptized. When it is convenient, children should be baptized on their birthday, and then they will always be able to remember the date of their baptism. Upon this subject the Lord has given to the Church in early days His word and commandment:

And again, inasmuch as parents have children in Zion, or in any of her Stakes which are organized, that teach them not to understand the doctrine of repentance, faith in Christ the Son of the living God, and of baptism and the gift of the Holy Ghost by the laying on of the hands when eight years old, the sin be upon the heads of the parents.

For this shall be a law unto the inhabitants of Zion, or in any of her Stakes which are organized;

And their children shall be baptized for the remission of their sins when eight years old, and receive the laying on of hands.

**Care of Clothing.**

It is one of the unfailing signs of what foreigners tauntingly call American extravagance and heedlessness, that a well-to-do family in this country would rather give away or burn up their old clothes than mend them; and that a family too poor to discard altogether their soiled and tattered frocks and stockings would rather wear them ragged than give time to their repair. This is quite a grave charge; for where it is true, it implies laziness; yet the Editor, not caring to commit himself to an accusation so serious, for it is not altogether true, will content himself with asking his readers whether in their own experience they have not on occasions many and oft found it to possess much truth and force?

The English, on the contrary, are great menders; and among the Germans also the art of patching and repairing is carried to much perfection. Among the latter people it is studied and practiced almost entirely at home; each daughter is taught to look after her own things, though she may perhaps give a little time to the wardrobe of the younger children. It is quite the fashion in England, however, to form associations of "Menders and Mending," the objects of which are not only to keep in repair the clothing of the members and their families, which each one undertakes to do for herself; but also to seek employment outside, where such work is paid for. It would truly appear that no minor class of needlework deserves better recognition than this; and it is said that the associations referred to

have thrived exceedingly in many of the larger English cities, where there are numerous "bachelors" of both sexes, who have no time or ability for repairing and darning, and where there are also many families with numerous children and with means enough to pay a stranger for this necessary part of the household work.

The Primary associations among the Latter-day Saints are doing a noble work in many places in teaching and encouraging this homely but necessary part of each girl's education. At the little fairs, of which we hear from time to time, there are frequent specimens of neat, skillful mending that are in the highest degree creditable; and wherever we hear of prizes being given for excellence in such work, we feel to bestow sincere applause. The tendency of the age is toward fancy finery and gee-gaws; and in far too many cases where the family is in comfortable circumstances, the thought of the week's darning never enters the girls' minds—"Mother will attend to it;" or "Auntie or Grandma will see that it is done." This negligence is to be regretted; and the mothers and aunties and grandmas are not altogether free from blame for it. When the beauty of their adornment shall be the work of their own hands, the daughters of Zion will know not only how to fashion and make, but how to patch and mend. The latter knowledge is a fine foundation for the former, and is quite as worthy. For ourselves, we hold the strange and perhaps unpopular view that it is better to know how to darn a stocking or a tablecloth than how to embroider a doily or a mantel-scarf—just as it is more important to know how to make good bread than how to thrum the soft guitar. The arts and accomplishments are by no means to be

despised: I hope to see our young people take the very front rank of excellence in all the refinements and graces of civilization. But at the same time I trust they will not overlook or neglect the humbler and plainer, but more useful parts of that which in its entirety is called a well-finished and thorough education.

---

### TO GOSSIPS.

If this shall meet the gossip's eye  
Whose hobby is for faults to pry,  
Go, plead for wisdom from on high,  
To heal your moral ailings.  
In future keep the rule in sight,  
To do to others what is right,  
And cease to take so much delight  
In watching others' failings.

Only the weak, that imps assail  
Would help such creatures to prevail,  
As cause the world to weep and wail,  
Without a pang of sorrow.  
As long as gossips lead the way,  
And foolish folks mind what they say,  
Earth ne'er shall reach her golden ray,  
Nor man need trouble borrow.

O Lord, whose pow'r can wonders do,  
Deal with this mischief-making crew  
Till penance shall their lives renew  
And change their base opinions;  
Till rancor, routed from the field,  
To higher aims shall humbly yield  
And man his erring neighbor shield,  
In all the earth's dominions.

Let gossips try the better plan,  
That tells the woman or the man,  
Reclaim a brother if you can  
With words and deeds of kindness.  
If all would take the pains below,  
Man's goodness as his faults to show,  
How changed would be our cup of woe,  
And ban of spirit blindness!

J. C.

---

"WELL, darling, what was the preacher's text?" "I am not quite sure, papa, but it sounded like 'Many are cold, but few are frozen'!"



## IN EARLY DAYS.

## Incidents of My Early Life.

WHILE narrating events connected with my early experience in the Church, allow me to digress a little to mention an occurrence that happened in the old school house at Pontiac, during my school days. One day while I and several other boys were on our way to school we passed a little pool of water, formed by recent rains. In this pond we discovered a large bull-frog. It

mouthed, long-legged and crooked-backed fellow to school, I was quite willing to take the lead in the mischief. A long string was tied to his leg, and when we took our seats in the school house he was allowed to hop about under the long desk set against the wall. As this was the frog's first day at school, he was very shy about showing himself, so he kept out of the teacher's sight, and for a time the teacher knew nothing about the new member of his school. The frog first



THE LAKE.

occurred to our mischievous minds that it would cause a great deal of fun to take this frog to school, and see if we could not teach him better sense than to croak all night and disturb people in their sleep; for when my father's family first came to Michigan, we were unable to sleep on account of the noise made by the frogs and the loons, not being accustomed to such noises during our city life. For this reason I had an old grudge against the frog family; and when it was proposed to take this big-

attracted attention by jumping on the bare feet of some of the students, who naturally became frightened, and a general disturbance followed. Such a confusion I never witnessed in school before; and to restore order Mr. Frog was expelled from school. The fun was all over with me, for I was justly punished for my ill-behavior. The lashing I received did not give me so much pain as did the lecture I received from the teacher. It wounded my heart; but it taught me a useful lesson which I

have not yet forgotten. I afterwards learned to love and respect that teacher, for he won my better feelings. When the Gospel was introduced in that neighborhood he embraced it and afterwards became my theological teacher.

In the history of the Prophet Joseph Smith there is a brief mention of his visit, with Hyrum and David Whitmer, to Pontiac. When those favored ones came to our home they always had something good to say, and had a most heavenly influence with them.

I very well remember the Prophet on one occasion dining at our house, and recollect some of his conversation. He was looking over a copy of the Book of Martyrs, which was in the house. In doing so he remarked, "Many of those who suffered death at the fiery stake were honest, true Christians according to the light they possessed, and God will reward them according to their integrity, for it could not be required of them to live up to more light than that which they possessed." He requested to have the loan of the Book of Martyrs, which he said he would return to us in Zion. He did return it at Far West, Missouri, remarking as he did so, "I have seen those martyrs by aid of the Urim and Thummim; God has a salvation for them."

His words of sympathy increased my love, which was already strong, for him.

Opening the Bible to the Apocrypha, he said, "There are many precious truths in these books,—just as true as any of the Bible—but it requires much of the Spirit of God to divide the truths from the errors which have crept into them." He also spoke of a great work to be done in England, "for," said he, "there are many of the house of Ephraim in that land, who are waiting for the fullness of the Gospel."

This was several years before any missionaries were sent to England, where afterwards the Elders met with such great success.

While he was quietly relating his experience, visions, trials, and heavenly communion, we felt greatly blessed and favored, and felt honored in imparting to him of our hospitality in return for his rich and comforting words, knowing that we were entertaining one of the greatest prophets of God that ever graced His footstool. Although but a lad, I was pleased to see and hear him, and going into our garden I plucked some of our best apples for him. After dinner the Prophet walked about the premises and much admired our home, particularly the clear, mirror-like lake, with its surroundings, which was a part of our homestead. To me it was always desirable until I found something so much more fascinating—the Gospel; then I had a desire to gather with the Church. On my last visit to my old home I took a kodac picture of it, and have obtained a wood cut, showing a part of the lake. I cheerfully present the picture to the readers of this very valuable periodical. The view shows the spot where so many were baptized into the Church. I instructed my artist to make an addition in the picture of a group attending baptism. The Elder officiating is shown standing in the water, for the Prophet instructed us that he received command from heaven that baptism by immersion was the only acceptable mode.

*E. Stevenson.*

---

A FRIENDSHIP that makes the least noise is very often the most useful; for which reason I should prefer a prudent friend to a zealous one.



## POACHING IN BOHEMIA.

## The Midas of the Pocahontas.

## CHAPTER XVII.

THE millionaires of San Francisco have been so prodigal in their benefactions to the public, and have so lavishly endowed the city with rare and costly works of art, that only a passing, pleasurable sensation was aroused when Mr. Thomas O'Hara, the Midas of the Pocahontas Mine, announced his intention of adding to the choice appointments of the Public Library a superb piece of statuary.

The terms of Mr. O'Hara's offer were peculiar. He was a practical business man, and withal a true and sympathetic friend of struggling genius, and the stipulations attending his proposed gift to the city were exponents, in a marked degree, of these two qualities.

Although by no means an art connoisseur, he had a keen appreciation of the beautiful, and realized that the creative power called forth in the production of a noble work of art, like the development of thought in a worthy literary production, was a matter beyond price. He was also a thorough-going Californian, who disdained foreign travel, and accounted a trip across the continent intolerable penance. Every demand of his nature found satisfaction in the cherished associations, agreeable clime, and varied scenery of his native State.

He therefore required the subject of the statuary to be in some way expressive of the spirit of the State, and, in pursuance of a hobby of his own that California contained within herself all the elements and conditions for the highest development in art and literature, he demanded that the artist should be a native of the State.

Competitive designs had been invited, each to be anonymously presented and designated by a motto while the name of the designer should remain under seal until after the award. The consideration of the designs and final selection were relegated to the Art Association.

This body did not view with entire approval a certain clause of these stipulations. Its members knew only too well the dearth of developed talent among native students, and foresaw the difficulty that might arise from this limitation, reasoning that if the terms had been more democratic, the city might have acquired possession of a superb work of art, for the sum offered the fortunate competitor might have been deemed little short of munificent by the foremost sculptor of the age. However, they accepted their commission with a good grace, and appointed a committee to act in accordance with the millionaire's designs.

San Francisco possesses no organization which so concentrates within itself all that is finest and worthiest in the community, as does the Art Association. It is a leveler of ranks, obliterating worldly distinctions, and while numerous men of wealth have gravitated towards it, as the natural tendency of well-used wealth is to educate the taste, it also includes within its ranks many of the brightest and most cultured men of the city, regardless of worldly status.

The members of the committee selected on this occasion were typical of the various elements united in this harmonious society. Edgar Jeffreys, the chairman, was a prominent lawyer, a gentleman of brilliant intellect and fastidious taste, fervent in sentiment but laconic in utterance. The second on the list was Dr. Severance, a retired

physician, who had spent many years abroad, a nervous, sensitive little man, as voluble and outspoken as his colleague was reserved. The old painter, Lindsay, was third on the list. The Director of the Art School, a gentleman highly esteemed in the community, and himself a painter of no little repute, was the fourth, and Mr. O'Hara himself, as a matter of courtesy, had been honored with the fifth place on the committee.

On the appointed day, therefore, these gentlemen gathered in the office of the Association. Upon a long table in the center of the room, a huge pile of sealed packages was noticeable. Each gentleman, as he entered, eyed the table askance, and various shades of dejection and foreboding appeared on their faces. They had not anticipated more than a dozen designs at the most, which could be speedily looked over and passed upon with ease. One of the gentlemen—it was the physician—stepped to the table and counted the packages. There were fifty-eight.

This announcement was received with manifest surprise and anxiety. Their prospective labors were assuming formidable proportions. If O'Hara would only make his appearance, they could go to work.

"I had a card from Mr. O'Hara yesterday, stating that it was doubtful whether he could be present during our deliberations, and desiring us to act without reference to him," said the Director.

"Then let us begin at once," proposed Mr. Jeffreys. "Dr. Severance, if you have a sharp knife, we will cut this twine and see what this brown paper casing contains."

The four men gathered eagerly around, as the first drawings came to

light, presenting three sketches, one a front elevation of a group of statuary, one a side view, and the other a perspective. The design was not absolutely bad, but if the anomalous structure was in any way emblematic of the destiny of the state, it was pregnant with doleful prophecy, for it suggested nothing so forcibly as a mausoleum in the best Egyptian style.

The four men looked at each other in silence. Satirical smiles played about their lips.

"Discard altogether?" inquired Mr. Jeffreys.

The three nodded assent.

As their labors progressed, many startling designs, notable both for originality of sentiment and boldness of execution were brought to light. One erratic genius had symbolized the peaceful future awaiting the State, by a figure of Justice with outstretched hands, and an empty gibbet crumbling by her side. Another more cheerful design portrayed a grizzly bear, with a very intelligent expression of countenance, with one great paw lifted and embracing an upright stick, which a lively imagination might have construed to either represent a liberty pole or the ordinary apparatus for performing bears. Several of the designs were flagrant imitations of the work of celebrated sculptors.

When the last bulky package was unwrapped, the four men gathered eagerly around vainly hoping that some available design might be revealed but they only brought to light a rough clay image of the illustrious O'Hara himself, modeled by some cunning competitor, who evidently hoped to triumph over his fellows by an ingenious appeal to the rich man's vanity.

Out of nearly three score designs,



but three were in any way compatible with the terms of the competition. One of these was the somewhat uncanny figure of Justice already described; another was the spirited drawing of the grizzly; and the third was a somewhat meritorious group representing two miners, in the rough costume of '49, seated on a rock, pick-axes and cradles beside them, and a dog sleeping at their feet.

With sinking hearts the committee realized that even were these designs wholly satisfactory in subject and conception, they had no assurance that the hands that had placed them on paper were able to execute them in clay or stone. They entered upon a listless and profitless discussion, for not one of the designs possessed sufficient intrinsic merit to raise up an advocate in its behalf. The debate soon resolved itself into a mere negative discussion, the principal question being as to which had the least glaring defects.

It was noticeable that the Director took no part in the discussion, but walked uneasily up and down the room, or thrummed nervously against the window pane, where a gentle rain was beating and descending in tiny rivulets. He turned with an air of relief, as a brisk step sounded in the hall without, and the door opened to admit Thomas O'Hara.

"Well, gentlemen, what progress?"

The chairman rose to the demands of the occasion.

"We have narrowed our choice to three designs, Mr. O'Hara, and shall be glad to have the benefit of your advice." The millionaire studied the designs shown him, long and closely, while his forehead knit ominously. Then he began to select at random from the sketches scattered around him, compar-

ing them with those he held, and after a moment's inspection casting them aside. Before long he flung all of the papers upon the table, and thrusting his hands into his trousers' pockets, leaning back in his chair and stretching out his long legs, contemplated the toes of his boots for some minutes without speaking.

In the mortified silence that had fallen on the little group, the eyes of the rest became focussed upon the Pocahontas man. He felt the mute inquiry indicated by their gaze, and rising from his chair, walked to the end and scrutinized a painting hanging there. At length he approached the table with the resolute expression of countenance the bears of the Stock Exchange had learned to know and dread.

"I will confess, gentlemen, that with little Winifred M---, earning the reputation of a second Rosa Bonheur, over there in Paris, with New York raving over K---'s landscapes, and H--- gaining a European fame, and others of our boys and girls signalizing themselves in different careers at home and abroad, I did think California could do better than this in the way of sculpture. But I'm not going back on my offer. These designs have evidently been submitted in good faith, and if you must have my opinion, gentlemen, rather than set up a Greek sepulchre or a lop-sided group of inexpressive figures, I shall choose that grizzly climbing the pole. The conception isn't a very lofty one, but to my thinking it is better to aim low and hit the mark than to present the public with a lame expression of sentiment."

But the Director approached with a serene face, on which lurked an enigmatical smile.

"Before you make your final decision, gentlemen, I will ask you to step into another room, where a design that you have not seen awaits you."

### The Prodigal Son.

#### CHAPTER XVIII.

The other members of the committee looked at him in surprise. What was this mysterious design, and why had not the Director spoken of it to them before?

"Another room! Why can't it be brought in here, like the rest?" objected the doctor, who was a chronic grumbler.

"Don't interfere with the rulings of the universe, Severance. Let the planets revolve in their own orbits," laughed the Director as he led the way, with his left arm thrown familiarly around the old artist's shoulders, and with the millionaire on his right.

Dr. Severance did not like this allusion. Among his numerous hobbies, he had once been an ardent amateur astronomer, and had maintained a private observatory at considerable cost; but the doctor's mechanical knowledge was not equal to his scientific zeal, and one day, when his equatorial had got out of order, he astonished the world with the announcement, telegraphed around the globe at his own expense, that the planet Jupiter had escaped from its orbit.

The room towards which the party bent its way, was illuminated from above, and its walls were hung with dark red draperies. This small apartment was a shrine, which held Hiram Powers' beautiful statue of California, here placed on permanent exhibition by a generous-hearted gentleman, who wished to share with the public the enjoyment

of one of the noblest works of art that ever came to the state, but who could not deny himself the pleasure of possession.

As the gentlemen entered this room their eyes fell upon this statue, in its customary place, the figure of a beautiful woman, with her lovely head bent slightly forward, as if in wistful contemplation of the future, while her outstretched hand held a divining rod.

But, lo! Another presence had invaded the sacred precincts of the room. A new "California" confronted them in majestic silence. In spotless marble, hewn from her own mountain quarries, she stood before them, a superb figure, with a face of matchless beauty, but with the proud bearing of an empress, her expansive brow bound with the leaves of her own native laurel.

The one was a dream; the other a realization. The work of the dead sculptor confronted the work of the living, and the question which trembled on the lips of the one, found answer in the other.

The new statue differed from Powers' splendid conception of the same subject, in that the "California" of his creation expressed a yearning divination of the future, a vague uncertainty and lofty hope, while this was radiant with the glorious certainty of acknowledged power, and of success achieved.

The group of men stood long in silence. More than one eye grew moist, as proud eyes will, in gazing upon a noble creation of human genius. Once the lawyer stooped and read a dim penciling on a strip of paper pasted across the base of the figure. It was the motto distinguishing the design, according to the terms of the competition.

*"And this thy son was dead, and is*



*alive again.*" "Queer sentiment! Has a biblical sound," he murmured.

"It is biblical. From the parable of the Prodigal Son," said the little doctor, shortly. Then he turned upon the Director, speaking half angrily, to hide the tremor in his voice.

"Who has done this, anyhow? Is he a genuine Californian? Come! Tell us what you know. You seem to have taken great pains to keep us all in the dark."

The fine, expressive face of the Director seemed to glow with an inner light. His own eyes were fixed upon the agitated features of the old artist, as he gently answered:

"You forget that the name of no competitor was to be known, unless his design was accepted."

But he pointed to the long strip of paper bearing the strange quotation, and which concealed from view a portion of the pedestal.

The chairman of the committee cast an imperious look upon the rest.

"I can see no reason for further delay. We are certainly all of one mind. What do you say, Mr. O'Hara?"

'Say? By Jove! Give us the name."

Mr. Jeffreys was stepping impetuously forward, but the Director laid a restraining hand on his arm.

"Mr. Lindsay, if you would be so kind."

The old man could scarcely wait for his bidding. Strangely agitated, and with trembling hands, he was tearing away the scrap of paper, and bent his gray head to decipher the deeply graven characters on the base of the pedestal.

"ROBERT HOWE LINDSAY."

"Lindsay? Robert Lindsay? Why, old friend, wasn't that the name of your boy?"

But the old man was dazed, bewildered.

Age cannot grasp clues and analyze and draw conclusions with the celerity of youth. He remembered again the strange conviction, lately grown upon him, that he should soon see his boy. As in the days that followed the lad's departure, when he entered his studio it was with the expectation of seeing there the familiar young figure, with jack-knife and stick and the litter of chips on the floor. Ah, that vexatious, interminable whittling. Could that have any connection with his?"

The Director whispered to the other members of the committee, who one by one took their departure. They were men of business and of affairs, whose imperative exactions called them back to the busy world from which they had strayed. But the old painter remained gazing in speechless emotion upon the beautiful figure.

In the hall the Director, who was the last to leave the room, found Nemo, pale and anxious.

"He is in there, alone," said the Director in a low voice; and he held the door open for the younger man to pass in.

Nemo closed the door softly behind him, so softly that Lindsay did not hear him or perceive that anyone had come in.

The spell that had held the old painter seemed broken. He drew nearer and nearer to the lovely form, looking at it through dim eyes, reaching out his withered hand to reverently touch the graceful folds of drapery, as if to assure himself that he was not dreaming. The young man, with his hand on the door knob, seemed rooted to the spot. Memory had a tight clutch on his heart, and the years of his boyhood and youth swept by him in mournful procession. Neglected Duty smote

him, and Conscience growled at the blow. What were ambition and fame, compared to the love and sorrow of this lonely old man?

The old painter knelt to read again the inscription on the pedestal, aiding his failing vision by tracing the outlines of the letters with the tips of his trembling fingers. Then he covered his face with his hands, and a sob broke on the stillness of the room.

Nemo could bear the sight no longer.

"Father, I have come back!" he cried, and then his voice broke, and he could only go over to the old man and take the withered hands in both his own, and look yearningly into the dim-eyes.

Even then Lindsay was slow to comprehend. He saw before him the strange workman, the man who had shared Dalrymple's studio, and whose mysterious occupation had been the subject of speculation among the members of the little colony; the man who had so persistently resisted their advances, who had called himself by a nonsensical name, who had often brushed past him on the stairs, yet to whom he had been so singularly drawn when they had met in the little recess off Mrs. Lester's drawing room. Could this be his boy Rob, his careless, laughing boy? This grave, bearded man, with deep lines of thought and care graven on his handsome face; his boy Rob, the little fellow he had so cruelly sent from him so many weary years gone by; Rob, a man of genius, on the high road to fame and fortune, but loyal to him still, hastening to lay his first laurels at his old father's feet?

What was it that the motto had said?

"And this thy son was dead, and is alive again."

Reverently the old man repeated the

words, and then broke off with a sharp cry of regret:

"Oh, Rob, Rob! If I had only known. My poor boy."

Robert Lindsay the younger looked on the sad old face, with wet eyes.

"It is not always given us to know, father. Let the past go. The present and the future are ours."

*Flora Haines Loughead.*

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

### THE PRAYER OF A PROPHET.

Long ago in bygone ages,  
On a morning bright and fair,  
When sweet springtime's flowers were blooming,  
Wafting fragrance on the air,

Then the holy prophet Enos,  
Filled with mighty truth and love,  
'Mid the solemn forest kneeling,  
Sought in prayer his God above.

For the light his soul was yearning,  
He was hungered for the word,  
And in earnest, prayerful pleading  
His petition might be heard.

Earnest prayer with faith implicit  
Did at length prevail with heaven,  
And a voice so full of comfort  
Said, "Thou art blest—thy sins forgiven;"

Because of thy faith implicit  
In Him whom thou ne'er hast seen,  
And e'er he shall come as promised  
Many years must intervene;

And much joy shalt thee be given,  
And great comfort to thy soul,  
For the Lord hath seen thy labors,  
And thy faith hath made thee whole.

But unto the God of heaven,  
He continued yet to pray,  
That his people might be guided  
In the straight and narrow way.

One great promise he received  
On that great eventful day;  
That his record should not perish,  
But come forth in God's own way

O what rapture filled his bosom  
When through earnestness and grace,  
Enos saw the blessed Savior,  
And talked with him face to face!

*Annie G. Lauritzen.*

**AN INCIDENT RELATED BY LAFAYETTE GRANGER.**

IN THE early days of the Church in Kirtland, when I was about ten years old, an incident occurred which impressed me very deeply. Our near neighbor, Dr. Newcome, had a brother-in-law named Joseph Hunton, who had been a maniac nine years, and was chained in a lumber out building. I often looked through the cracks in the boards at the crazy man.

One day my attention was attracted by hearing some of the brethren talking with my father (Oliver Granger) about fasting and praying to God in behalf of Joseph Hunton; they appointed a day and hour when they would visit him. The time came, and with a boy's curiosity I watched proceedings. Seven or more of the brethren came, and among them were my father, Brigham Young, Dr. Newcome and others whom I do not remember.

The brethren entered the maniac's room, and beyond the length of his chain kneeled around him. My father was mouth in prayer. That prayer impressed me as no other prayer ever has. They arose from their knees and slowly approaching the maniac laid their hands on his head, and in the name of Jesus rebuked the spirit or spirits and power that bound and afflicted him, and told Joseph Hunton to be relieved. They then removed his chains, and he was restored to consciousness. The nine years were a blank in his life, of which he could remember nothing.

That fall I picked up potatoes after his digging.

He was afterwards taught the principles of the Gospel, and the necessity of his obedience thereto was urged, that he might be worthy to retain the blessing of God by whose power he had been

restored. He deferred again and again. Three times he set a day on which he would be baptized, but when the days came he always said he was not ready. The next morning after his third refusal his brother-in-law went to call him to breakfast, and he threw a sharp ax at his head—he had again lost his reason. He was chained again, and I lost all further knowledge of him.

**THE GOSPEL IN ROSKILDE.**

[CONCLUDED FROM PAGE 545.]

NOT many days thereafter a policeman appeared at the school with a summons for the janitor and his wife to appear before the police magistrate.

The janitor was an honorable and universally respected man, and being conscious of no guilt, he with his wife felt very much gratified with the summons. They had not learned yet what justice the Saints usually obtained from worldly courts.

At the appointed time they were promptly in court, believing firmly they were summoned to testify against the mobbers, many of whom they well knew. But not so. In the place of being confronted with the guilty parties, they were subjected to indignity and cold contempt, and when they informed the magistrate that their time did not permit them to remain away from their many duties, except upon very urgent business, they were contemptuously told to come back some other day.

They were now somewhat wiser: their eyes were opened to the full sense of the Savior's words, "If ye were of the world, the world would love its own: but because you are not of the world, but I have chosen you out of the world, therefore the world hateth you."



Priests, city officials, and people in general met them with a contemptuous air; the finger of scorn was everywhere pointed at them; and outside of the school faculty few dared to appear friendly, lest they should be called "Mormoner." The school faculty, however, were differently inspired. The principal came to Brother —— and asked, "Are you baptized as Mormons?"

He answered, "Yes, sir."

"Then," said the principal, "we have only this thing to demand of you, that is, that you hold no meetings on the school premises, and refrain from converting the scholars to Mormonism." He further stated that they were well pleased with Brother ——'s work, and that his religious opinions were nothing to them, so long as they did not interfere with his duties as janitor.

Brother —— remained there as long as he wished, and God blessed this family with favor before their superiors, so that the work of God might be forwarded and completed in that city.

A few days passed, and the time was at hand to again appear before the city magistrate. The two prisoners appeared again, ready to defend themselves with the truth, knowing they had done nothing against the laws or morals of the people, the laws of the country guaranteeing full religious liberty to all its subjects.

The enemy had now fully matured its plans. Two persons, neither of whom knew much of the facts, were called forward to testify. They declared upon oath that Brother —— had stood in the gate and collected the mob, after being notified to go inside. This, of course, was an infamous falsehood. The mobbers had attacked, unprovoked, not only Brother —— but others, and had disturbed the peace and quietude of

the whole city. This was, however, nothing to wicked men; excited by the bigoted priests, they knew no other means than to slander and persecute the Saints, and if needed sustain those who did it by the strong arm of the law.

After the testimony of these witnesses, the two Saints at the bar for the cause of Christ were at once judged guilty, and sentenced to pay a fine of ten thaler, about five dollars, quite a heavy fine in that country. The laws of the country are such that when one or more witnesses testify upon oath the opposite party is almost sure to be defeated, because two witnesses are not allowed to testify against one another upon oath. This would necessitate a trial for perjury, and one of the two would be convicted of one of the most heinous offenses of the country. Therefore in all ordinary cases witnesses testify upon their word of honor, and when in extreme cases one or the other of the parties testifies upon oath, the opposition is practically barred from either prosecuting or defending. So in this case. The Mormons had to be dealt with summarily. The truth, if produced, would banish all their fond hopes and desires of striking a blow at an unpopular belief; hence the most plausible course appeared to them to be to get someone to swear to something that would end the case quickly and at the same time convict.

It is needless to say that the mobbers were never punished. They were not sought at all.

One of these perjurers has already met an ignominious death. Being tired of this life, and no doubt often haunted with the wrongs of his life, he committed suicide by hanging himself. He will surely one day be confronted by

his misconduct, when he will be among those of whom the Book of Wisdom (Apocrypha) speaks, saying "Behold, are those not the ones we held in derision and for laughter, and now behold they are the sons and daughters of God." These will be the words of the wicked, as they will behold the persecuted Saints of God entering into the rest and peace of their Savior.

The Gospel made splendid progress for about three years, when the work seemed to have reached its zenith. Many of the Saints emigrated or removed and the work soon died out.

Brother — and family emigrated to Zion, together with many others, and after faithfully living their religion and gaining many friends in Zion, Brother and Sister — died in full faith and assurance of entering the society of the good and the noble, with whom they had stood shoulder to shoulder in life's trials and tribulations. Thus was one city warned of its sins, notified of the restoration of the Gospel, and called upon to receive it. But, alas! it rejected the message, and is now fast preparing to be reaped in with the tares of the earth, and to place its sons and daughters of disobedience before the throne of God, to be judged according to the things written in the books kept for that purpose in the archives of heaven.

*Fris.*

THE world practices much of evasion, much of perversion, and somewhat of downright falsehood. When treated to truth it does not fail to feel warmed and drawn toward it.

EMPLOYMENT is nature's physician and is essential to human happiness.

FRIENDSHIP requires actions.

## LOLA.

(CONCLUDED FROM PAGE 536.)

MRS. CURTON did not get back to any serious conversation while the latter stayed, though she would like much to have done so, and when Lola went away she felt that her attempted efforts in the direction of awakening Lola's conscience had been in vain.

She was far from being through with her odd little acquaintance, however, as she came often after that to see her, dropping in upon her always in the same unceremonious way in which she had made her first visit. She openly avoided Mrs. Curton's attempts to bring the conversation around to serious subjects, however, and the latter despaired of ever being able to carry her good wishes and intentions into effect.

It was with great surprise also when she learned at length indirectly, by one of Lola's abrupt and unlooked for revelations, that the few seeds of good planted in the child's mind during their former talk had taken root.

Lola had come into the room suddenly one day, as usual, bearing traces of excitement in her manner.

"What is it, Lola?" asked Mrs. Curton, presently, noting her unusual perturbation.

"I ben havin' row with Marado."

"Who is Marado, Lola?"

"Aunt Chita's husban'."

"Why, Lola!" began Mrs. Curton.

"Yes," said Lola, nodding her head. "The sheriff he come las' night tellin' Marado he stole Senor Urajo's horses. Marado he says no, an' the sheriff he goes away. Then I tole Marado he lied becos of me seein' him drive Senor Urajo's horses up the barranca that night the rain came hard, to the camp of the prospectors."

"Why Lola!"

"Marado call out me to hole my tongue an' say nothin'. He tole me Senor Urajo gets plenty money, an' make it right for poor man to steal. I tole him he have perdition, an' he said when money spent, the prospectors give for horses, he confess Father Anson and do penance. I tole him no good confess an' do penance if he spend money. He ask, where you pick that up, little devil? I said you tole it. Then he make tell all about it, an' he say keep away, like Father Anson."

Mrs. Curton sat listening in something like a state of bewilderment. The revelations of Marado's act, while surprising and shocking her inexpressibly, was yet something of an excuse for Lola's questionable conscience, since the atmosphere and influences of immorality as that confessed in her uncle's deed and argument, could not fail to have its effect upon the child's conscience and character.

The thought filled her with even a deeper yearning than ever towards the motherless child, and she longed to be able to do something that might help to rescue her from the life which seemed inevitably to open before her, living constantly as she must in subjection to such influences.

She had an opportunity here to talk seriously to Lola, and she did so, cautiously and tenderly, trying to instill into the child's mind some of the beautiful practical principles of the Gospel which she herself was trying conscientiously to live. She found Lola a quiet and willing listener today, and indeed always after when she came, for Lola continued to visit her, spite of the clamorous objections of the priest and her relatives. To do this, Lola confessed, she had to steal away,

and Mrs. Curton's conscience troubled her a little in regard to this latter, though she felt but little compunction for Lola's having disobeyed their injunction, feeling that it was better for the child to have the benefit of some good influence in her life than to lose it by obeying the selfish commands of her relatives. Certain circumstances, however, conspired to break their frequent companionship, much to Mrs. Curton's sorrow, for she by this time had commenced to take a deep and tender interest in Lola's welfare, the child having become endeared to her through many lovable traits, which appeared at times through the rough, unpolished surface of her character.

It happened that Mr. Curton had found a chance to buy a ranch some distance out in the mountains, at considerable of a bargain, and as there promised to be an opportunity for making considerable money in stockraising in the locality, he determined to settle permanently in the place. This of course necessitated them removing to the ranch, and as it was quite a distance from the little town where Lola lived, there was small chance of them having much of her society, unless her relatives should consent to driving her out to see them occasionally—something they could hardly count upon, considering the feeling of animosity they felt towards her. Mrs. Curton made bold, before going away, to ask them if Lola might come and live with her, and the tone of their refusal had left no doubt in her mind of the feelings of bitterness which they cherished towards her for having declared against the convenient and easy principles of their religion.

Lola was greatly moved when at last her new and warm friend took her departure, vowing, however, as they



said farewell that she would some day come to pay her friend a visit.

"I know the place where Senor Urajo was before live," said Lola, "an' if they not bring me, I fin' my way through the barranca at me meseif."

The barranca or canyon was a dangerous locality, the hiding place, it is said, of many of the desperadoes noted in the vicinity, and knowing Lola's fearless and eccentric nature, Mrs. Curton feared that this threat might perhaps be carried out, so took pains to win a promise from her that she would not attempt it.

Lola only acquiesced in this, however, when Mrs. Curton told her that she would make frequent visits to the little town and would send for her to come to the hotel on the plaza where they might meet for a time, at any rate. When they parted, however, there were signs of tears in Lola's eyes, and at the last moment she whispered, her arms around Mrs. Curton's neck, "I can't bear to live the same, now, when you go off."

A month had passed since Mrs. Curton had taken her departure from the little Mexican village, and Lola had waited and watched in vain for a summons from her dearly beloved friend. The truth was that Mrs. Curton had been kept closely at home by illness, but Lola had no way of knowing this, and she pined and fretted a great deal at her friend's absence and supposed neglect. To make it worse, the weather had now commenced to grow colder, the high altitude of the region making it capable of a temperature not possible to the lower localities, and Lola had to stay much indoors, a restraint which was very irksome to her active, impatient nature.

Today had been a very trying one to

Lola, for she had been endeavoring hard throughout it to keep a number of good resolutions, which had been the result of Mrs. Curton's influence, in spite of her aunt's scolding, the children's teasing, and Marado's coarse scoffing and swearing.

All of these latter were things to which she was well used, and which once did not trouble her to any great extent, as she had always been capable of giving back something as good, or rather bad, if not worse, than any of the persecution indulged in by the others. She had now been trying to keep back the sharp words and blows, and other retaliations which she once believed it right to indulge in, and the novel struggle had left her nerves in an extremely overwrought condition.

Zoro, her aunt's youngest child, was shrieking now in a useless outburst of temper, and Lola, feeling that she could not keep up her moral record any longer if she stayed to listen, slipped out of the back door into the yard.

Once outside the cool night air did her good and she held out her arms and commenced to run, going down past the corral to be out of hearing of the bedlam of noise in the house.

She reached the shed, or stable where Marado's horses were kept, and climbed up on a great rock at the side of the low structure, to rest after her long day's mental and physical work. What with helping with the children and fighting her moral battle she was well nigh worn out. It was a favorite perch of hers, this great boulder, and she sat in content breathing the cool, fresh breeze—but very quietly, however, lest Marado should be about and send her into the house. Marado was certainly close at hand, for his voice came to her presently from within the stable,

and that, too, almost directly under the small window at her elbow. There was someone else there, too, for there was a second voice which answered Marado in low tones from the darkness. Lola recognized it, presently, as that of Petrez Ramora, Marado's boon companion, a man by the way who had been more than once in danger of serving his lifetime in prison for certain acts of which he had been accused, but of which through some flaw they could not quite convict him.

The tones of both men just now were low, but Lola, being used to Marado's voice could now and then distinguish the words which he was speaking. Some of them which drifted to her now through the window made her prick up her ears.

"It is Senor Urajo's old place," Marado was saying in his native tongue; "this man bought it a short while ago. "Yes," he went on in reply to something the other said, "he took the money with him. The ranch and two hundred head of cattle—a big sum—double what he gave for it. I saw it paid out to him. Yes, it is in the house, he has had no time to get rid of it. Tomorrow they give up possession—it will be too late. We must attempt it tonight; be ready in an hour."

Lola waited to hear no more. She slipped down from the rock, and ran round to the other side of the corral, fearing that Marado might come out suddenly and find her. Crouching down in the shadow of a double row of posts, she tried to think of some plan of action. She had gathered enough from the conversation of the two men to know that some sort of attack was being planned upon the house once belonging to Senor Urajo, and now

occupied by her loved friends. To save them from the danger which threatened was something she was determined to do if possible, at any risk whatever to herself. If only she could devise some reasonable plan. But one way presented itself which seemed at all safe to Lola; that was to find her way to the ranch and give warning herself of Marado's threatened robbery.

To do this seemed an impossible thing, though, considering the distance which she must traverse in order to reach the place, to say nothing of the darkness which would increase the difficulty of her finding the way, even if she were sure of going in safety. This latter was a very doubtful case, however, in consideration of many things. There was the river which flowed swift and strong through the gorge she must pass, with only a few inches of narrow pathway between the cliff and the river bed, to say nothing of other dangers, which for Lola held a worse terror than that held in the perils of the river and path. Lola shuddered now as she thought of the tales she had heard Marado and Petrez Ramora tell of deeds done in the fastnesses and secret places of the treacherous barranca. These thoughts all passed through her mind much quicker than we have told them, and in spite of their uncheerful nature Lola was quickly decided upon her course, for she was of too impetuous a nature in all things, and especially where her affections were concerned, to hesitate long in so great an emergency.

She knew well the direction leading to the Senor Urajo's ranch, for she had been taken there two or three times with the rest of the family by Marado, when he used to make trades in stock for the

Senor, and hesitating not a moment, Lola drew her short skirt about her for a mantle to protect her from the cold air, and set out upon a perilous mission.

The lamp was lit in Mrs. Curton's favorite room at the ranch, and the kind, little lady lay on the sofa, reading by the bright yellow light, and resting at the same time from her hard work during the day, a task of packing up the household articles which she had brought to the place so short a time before.

Mrs. Curton's experience at the ranch had been an unfortunate one, as she had been ill nearly all the time since she had moved there. She herself thought the effect due to the climate, but her husband declared that it was more home-sickness than temperature, which had reduced her health, and it is probable that he was right.

It was indeed anything but cheerful to be separated by long miles from one's friends and acquaintances, and obliged to live, the two of them by themselves, except for the servants, in this lonely, far-away spot. Mr. Curton himself had found it far from an ideal experience, and so when he had received recently an offer from an English capitalist to buy his ranch at double the sum he had paid for it himself, he was glad to close the bargain. The sale had taken place the day before, and tomorrow they were to leave Mexico and go back to their old home.

Mr. Curton was more anxious than his wife, now, to be safely away, especially when he thought of the money which he had been obliged to keep in the house until his departure. Though he had no fears of anyone knowing anything of its presence, the fact of so large a sum being about the premises could not help but make him

a little anxious. He had taken what precautions he could against robbery—without exciting the suspicions of the two men whom he kept about the place, and whom he did not care to trust with his secret—locking and barring the doors, as he had never been careful to do before.

He felt comparatively safe, however, now that this was done, and sat down on the opposite side of the table, facing his wife, revelling as usual in his favorite eastern newspaper.

Presently Mrs. Curton laid down her book.

"What is it, dear?" said her husband, looking up.

"I was thinking of Lola," said Mrs. Curton.

"Again?" asked her husband smiling.

"Yes. I am afraid she thinks by this time I have deserted her. Poor little waif, I wish now that I had risked writing to her."

"It would have been useless, you may depend; she would never have seen the letter. Besides, you will see her tomorrow, and can explain all."

"Yes," said Mrs. Curton, "if only nothing has happened to her."

"Why, my dear you are morbid."

"Oh, I don't mean that, of course; I mean I hope she has remembered me enough to care for what I have said."

"There is certainly good enough in her to give you cause for hope."

"Yes, I am certain of it, if she could only be kept under the right influence. Oh, John, how I wish that I might take her with me!"

"I wish so, too, dear, since your heart is set on it; and for the child's sake as well: but I fear such a thing is hopeless."

"If only something would happen to make them give her up."



"Why don't you pray, dear?"

"I have, John."

Mr. Curton laid down his paper. "Well," he said, "if we are to make an early start in the morning it's time to go to sleep."

"Listen, John."

"What is it?"

"There's some one on the porch."

Mr. Curton looked round incredulously. "It's your nerves dear; you"—he paused suddenly, catching himself the sound of someone stepping on the porch. There were French windows leading out of the room, and presently they saw the knob turn, and heard a hand pressing against the pane. Mr. Curton sprang to his feet.

"Who's there?" he called out suddenly.

"It's me," answered a childish voice outside. The two people looked at each other a moment in amazement; then in an instant Mrs. Curton was at the door.

"Lola?" she called out half-doubtingly.

"Yes," answered the same, thin, treble voice.

A moment more and the door was unfastened, and Lola slipped into the room. Her face was very pale, and there were dark circles beneath her eyes, making them look larger and blacker than ever.

"Why, Lola!" ejaculated Mrs. Curton, peering beyond her into the darkness, "is no one with you, are you alone?"

"Yes," said Lola, quietly.

"But, my child, have you forgotten your promise?"

Then Lola told her story.

Her voice trembled a little as she told of her journey through the wild canyon

in the darkness, and Mrs. Curton, holding the brave little heroine fast in her arms, struggled hard to keep from sobbing outright. She had to do so, as much for Lola's sake as her own, for the little Mexican girl's strength and fortitude had been severely tried.

Mrs. Curton made her eat a warm supper, though Lola felt very little in the mood for eating. It did her good, however, and Mrs. Curton thoughtfully took her into her own pretty bedroom and insisted upon tucking her in bed, though Lola would fain have sat up to wait for such events as should perhaps take place.

Both her friends assured her that there was now no cause for fear, as they would be well prepared against danger, and with this assurance to comfort her, Lola soon fell fast asleep.

Mr. Curton was not long in making his preparations.

The two stable men were apprised of the threatened attack, though not of the object for which it was planned, and were rather pleased than otherwise at the thought of an exciting adventure. The two eagerly joined Mr. Curton in watching and preparing for the coming of the would-be robbers. A careful watch was kept at each side of the house, and after about an hour as Marado and Petrez crept near in the darkness, a quiet signal was given, and the three men, led by Mr. Curton, suddenly surrounded the unsuspecting desperadoes, and quickly effected their capture.

Mr. Curton, with the help of the two men, bound their hands and feet with strong ropes, and locked them up in one of the empty rooms, leaving the more trustworthy of his assistants to guard the door outside, as a further precaution for their safety. Then he:

lay down on the sofa in the sitting room and went to sleep.

Early the next morning Mrs. Curton tiptoed into the room, just as he was awaking from a somewhat troubled dream. In it he had seen Lola and his treasure of money captured by Marado and carried off.

"Where is Lola?" was therefore his first question on arousing from his slumber.

"She is still asleep," answered his wife, and then, "John, I feel after all this as if I cannot part from her."

"I fancy you will not be obliged to," answered John.

And he was right. After breakfast Mr. Curton went into the room where the two housebreakers were confined, and had a long conversation with Marado.

The result of it was that the two Mexicans were set free; but Marado had given his consent to Lola's adoption by the Curtons.

That same day the three took passage in a steamer for New Orleans, and there was on its deck, not in the world perhaps, no happier being than Lola.

*Josephine Spencer.*

#### HURT HIS FEELINGS.

IN a recent railroad accident, an agent of the company went through the cars and succeeded very well in settling with about everybody until he struck an old Dutchman, who replied as follows:

"My tear sir, I am ferry sorry, but I can dell you noddings. How can I dell off I was kilied orr somdings? Vait till I see mine pyhsician."

This reminds of another man who did settle in another accident for \$20. On being asked after the settlement where he was hurt he replied that it hurt his feelings.

#### TOPICS OF THE TIMES.

##### Election of a Pope.

READERS of the JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR doubtless hear from time to time of the severe and frequent attacks of illness to which Pope Leo XIII. is subject, and if they are too young to recall the incidents connected with his elevation to the high position which he holds, they will be interested in knowing how the head of the Roman Catholic church is chosen. It is sixteen years since Pope Pius IX. died; and Leo, his successor, who was an old man then, has of course reached an extreme age now. But though his body is enfeebled and his physical condition is weak and uncertain, he retains with marvelous clearness his fine mental powers; and he appears as capable today of grappling with the problems which confront his great religious following as he was twenty years ago, when as the suave, scholarly, diplomatic Cardinal Pecci he won the old pope's heart and made certain his own elevation when the time came. Altogether there have been over two hundred and fifty popes in the line of succession and regularly recognized, to say nothing of the rival or insurgent leaders who have assumed the honor and for a time have set themselves up as head of the church. As all our readers know, the Catholic claim is that the Apostle Peter was the first, and that the authority is claimed to have been handed down regularly to his successors.

When a pope dies, nine days are given to prayers, masses and other exercises for the repose of his soul. Meanwhile the cardinals, who are the next highest dignitaries, begin to assemble at Rome. There are cardinals in almost every civilized land where Catholicism has a foothold, and of course many of

them cannot be present at the conclave which meets on the morning of the tenth day after the pope's death. But a majority of them must be present, and there is little difficulty in securing this, for by far the larger number of the entire body are appointed from Italy, Spain and other near-by countries.

Having met in conclave before breakfast on the tenth day, the cardinals seclude themselves from the rest of the world until the selection of the deceased pope's successor shall have been made, and they forthwith take a vote. The ballots are secret, and are read and counted by three cardinals. If no candidate receives two thirds of the votes cast, the ballots are burned, and soon thereafter another vote is taken. It is by the smoke of these burned ballots that inquisitive bystanders are able to know the progress of the voting before the cardinals emerge from their seclusion.

When any candidate shall have received two-thirds of the votes cast, the fact is announced and it is confirmed by the entire assemblage. The cardinal elected, if he decides to accept the office, immediately chooses the name by which he will be known as pope; and after he receives the homage of those present, his name is proclaimed by one of the cardinals from the balcony of the Vatican—the papal palace and his future residence—and within a few minutes the telegraph makes it known in all the world.

A fact that is singular, when the immense membership of the Catholic church in other parts of the world is remembered, is that up to the present time there have been none but Italian popes; and there is much surmise and prediction that when Leo's successor comes to be chosen, he will break this

record—that even an American cardinal may be elected, though this will be considered as very unlikely. However, all talk of succession may well be postponed: Leo still lives, and as he is capable, politic and popular, there is a general wish that he may continue to do so in peace and prosperity for a long time to come. *The Editor.*

#### FRANCIS SCOTT KEY, PATRIOT.

ON September 12, the centennial of the transfer of Fort McHenry to the Government of the United States was celebrated at Baltimore. It was an anniversary of patriotic memory, intensified by the fact that the battle of Fort McHenry inspired Francis Scott Key to write "The Star Spangled Banner."

Francis Scott Key, as well as being a man of fervid patriotism was possessed of deep religious feeling, as the following letter written two years before he wrote the national anthem, and at a time when he made his will, shows:

MY DEAR CHILDREN—When this letter will be read by you, your father, will be gone to where you will no longer be able to see him nor to hear him. I am therefore writing to you to remind you then (when I can no longer speak to you) of that which, above everything, it is important and essential you should never forget. O my children, you, too, will die; you also will all stand before God! You have read your Bible: how God made us, what He requires of us, how Christ died for us, how we must pray and strive to do everything right and to shun everything wrong. I have endeavored to instruct you. Never forget this, my dear children, and remember that we cannot serve and please God of ourselves, but we must pray to Him to help us for Christ's sake.



"Watch and pray and it shall be given unto you."

Think of death; when you think of me, think of death and remember that after death is happiness or misery forever and ever.

Oh, let us all strive to meet in happiness. Let us pray that not one of us may be lost.

Remember that temptations will surround you, that you must "watch and pray," that if you are careless you will be lost. Read your Bibles every morning and evening. Never neglect private prayers, both morning and evening, and throughout the day strive to think of God often and breathe a sincere supplication to Him for all things. Join also in family prayers—sometimes, instead of your mother, one of you (by turns) should repeat prayers. Go regularly to church, plainly dressed, and behave reverently. Do all possible good to all—to your mother, to each other, to all your relatives, to the poor and everybody within your reach. Do not love or indulge yourselves, learn and practice self denial, and do everything for God's sake, and consider yourselves always in His service.

Remember that you do not belong to yourselves. Christ has bought you, and His precious blood was your price.

O my children! shall we all meet in Heaven? Pray not only each for himself, but all of you for all, that God may bless you and bring you together to His blessed presence and kingdom.

So has prayed, and I hope will be able to pray with his dying breath,

Your Father,  
F. S. Key.

P. S.—Each of my dear children will take a copy of this letter, and keep it and read it at least once a year.

The foregoing, with another letter addressed to his wife, was laid away with

his will to be read after his death, which occurred thirty-one years later.

### SOMETHING TO DO.

It is not work that is the greatest burden of life, though the overtaxed are apt to think so. Nothing to do is a state still more undesirable, and filled with more acute miseries. A man who had been in active business at last retired on a competence. The sudden change was most unsupportable, and his active mind preyed on itself until he was on the borders of insanity. An acute disease set in which gave him the keenest suffering. But when one sought to compassionate him, he replied, "Do not pity me, for the distress I now suffer is ease compared with the situation from which it delivers me." He had something to do if it was not of a very agreeable sort.

The most miserable people I have met, in the trying summer weather, were those who had nothing to do but fan themselves, and complain of their elegant boarding accommodations. They thought they had all the work in the world to do, if they had their clothes to get ready for the wash, and then when the ruffled and embroidered garments came up snowy white from the laundry, they had the heavy task of putting them away. It was almost a relief when a handkerchief or pair of hose were missing. It gave them something new to fret about. All about them were burdened, toiling women, to whom a little of their leisure would have been a boon indeed, but they never so much as moved their burdens with one finger.

No, toiling mother, such a life of ease is not the best life, nor by any means the happiest. Day by day we have our duties and labors, and are able to rejoice in our successes.

## Our Little Folks.

### YOUNG FOLKS' STORIES.

#### Result of Carrying Pins in the Mouth.

I THOUGHT it would be interesting to the little readers of the JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR to know how the Lord has blessed my little sister. When Louie was four years old she came up to the bed where mamma was and asked for a pin to put in her doll's dress. But soon she put it in her mouth, threw herself back on the bed, and the pin went cross-ways in her throat. Then she said, "Mamma, I have swallowed a pin!"

Mamma took her to the door to try and get the pin from her throat, but she began to cough, and it fell down her windpipe. She choked till blood came from her nose, and her face turned dark. When she stopped coughing and choking, mamma was going to give her some consecrated oil, when one of the neighbors that had come in told her not to do that, as oil would canker the pin; so mamma did not give it to her then. But in a moment she began to cough and choke again. Mamma felt as if she could not stand it any longer, so she gave her some oil, and she did not cough so hard again. The pin was in her windpipe twenty-two hours. She coughed often in the night, and we felt very anxious about her. The next morning papa went to the field as usual to his work, so mamma was home with us little ones, and realizing that her child was in a critical condition, she felt that she must rely upon God alone for aid.

She called little Louie to her side and told her to kneel and to ask the Lord in faith to send the pin out of her

windpipe, and then she would administer to her, which she did. When mamma finished asking the Lord to bless her, she went to her work, and had Louie take a rug out to shake it. While in the act of shaking the rug the pin flew up in her mouth, in direct answer to the prayers offered a short time before.

*Alvenia Savage. Age 8.*

WOODRUFF, ARIZONA.

#### Letter from a Little Girl.

I AM a reader of the JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR. I love to read the pieces written by the little boys and girls. This is the first time I ever tried to write. I live on a large farm in Idaho; my father has two hundred and eighty acres planted in grain.

I have a brother who has a very nice, black pony which father gave him. The pony is gentle and kind, and will let us ride. We call the pony Dick. After we are through riding, we drop the reins over his head and he will follow us all over the barn yard.

*Ida Bybee. Age 9 years.*

LEORIN, IDAHO.

#### A New Feature in a Sunday School Class.

*Editor Juvenile Instructor:*

DEAR BROTHER:—We have here in our Sunday School a Book of Mormon Class of young ladies from thirteen to sixteen years of age. For a review of past lessons each student is requested to write from memory, while in the class, a statement of a past lesson selected by the teacher. Each one is given a different subject, and is allowed but thirty minutes to write, without reference to any book. I enclose you a sample of one, which, if you think

worthy, you may publish in the JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR.

This is a new exercise, and the class seem to be interested in it.

Very respectfully,

CHARLES H. WEST.

ALMA.

Alma the younger was a Nephite, who lived in Zarahemla, South America, about 100 years B. C. He chose for his companions and associates the sons of Mosiah. The course they took was one too often pursued by the children of the great. Alma was very disobedient, and tried to destroy the church; but one day as these young men were going about, an angel appeared to Alma, to stay the young man's mad career, and bring him to a knowledge of the truth. After the angel left him he sank to the ground, and remained unconscious for three days. He then rose up and spoke. From this time till the end of his mortal career Alma labored without ceasing to bring souls to Christ, and guide his fellowmen in the paths of salvation. After this Alma was regarded as the foremost man of his age and nation. He was chief judge, high priest, and a great prophet. Mosiah considered him the most proper person on whom to confer the custody of the sacred plates. In the first year of Alma's judgeship he was troubled by the apostasy of Nehor. After this Alma had peace until the fifth year of his reign, when the corrupt people wished to restore the monarchy and place for their king a man by the name of Amilici; but they did not succeed. In the year 83 B. C., Alma conferred the judgeship on Nephihah. He then spent all his time as earthly head of the church. Alma now started to preach, first in Zarahemla; and after appointing elders to preside, he went

to Gideon, where he found the church in a prosperous condition. Next year Alma went to the land of Melek, where his labors were crowned with abundant blessings. Alma then left this part of the country, and traveled three days northward to a great and corrupt city called Ammonihah. Here he found a godless people, and among such his labors were in vain. Alma left this city to go to Aaron, where the people he thought were more worthy of salvation's priceless gift; but an angel stopped him and told him to return to the sin-cursed city he had just left. Alma obeyed. This time he entered the doomed city by the south gate. After entering he met a man by the name of Amulek. Amulek afterwards preached with Alma, but many did not believe on their words; and those that did were driven from the city, and Alma and Amulek were bound and cast into prison.

After they were in prison three days they were visited by many judges and lawyers, who smote and cross-questioned them, but neither would reply. They repeated this day after day, until one day when the prison was full, Alma and Amulek broke the cords that bound them and stood before the people. The first thought of the people was to rush from the prison; but while doing so an earthquake came and rent the walls. Not one was left of all the impious mob who but a few moments before defied heaven and challenged Jehovah's might.

Alma and Amulek now left the city and went to Sidon, where they organized a church. Alma then returned to Zarahemla.

In the year 73 B. C. Alma blessed all his sons and transferred the records to Helaman. Shortly after this Alma



left Zarahemla as if to go to the land of Melek, and never was heard of afterwards.

*Florence Brown. Age 16.*

#### HE SHAVES.

ADOLPH BEYER, of 19 Fulton Street, Brooklyn, has a monkey, which, though young, is learning a thing or two. He was bought from a ship carpenter, who brought him from Brazil six months ago. Mr. Beyer has allowed him the run of the sheds and back yard. When the warm weather came he selected to live on the sloping roof of the shed and watch the movements of the men as they came into the yard. After a while he could imitate a drunken man to perfection, even to the hiccougling and the leaning against the wall with closed eyes.

A few days ago some one threw him a piece of a broken mirror, and he clutched it and ran to the highest point his chain would permit, where he examined it closely. He was not long in seeing his own sweet face. He then sat on his haunches, held the bit of glass between his fore paws, and glanced cautiously over it at the back, in the expectation of seeing another monkey. He did this several times, and at length, judging from the ray of intelligence that swept across his expressive countenance, realized the truth. He held on to the mirror like grim death, however, and gazed at himself every spare moment.

One Saturday he surprised himself. He had, through a window, been watching his master shave himself. When he was through, he retired to a quiet corner of the shed, procured a piece of soap, rubbed his face with the back of

a feather, and then calmly began shaving. When discovered, Mr. Beyer says, his face was suffused with a blush, which, however, he admits may have arisen from the friction caused by the scraping process.

#### A BRAVE DOG.

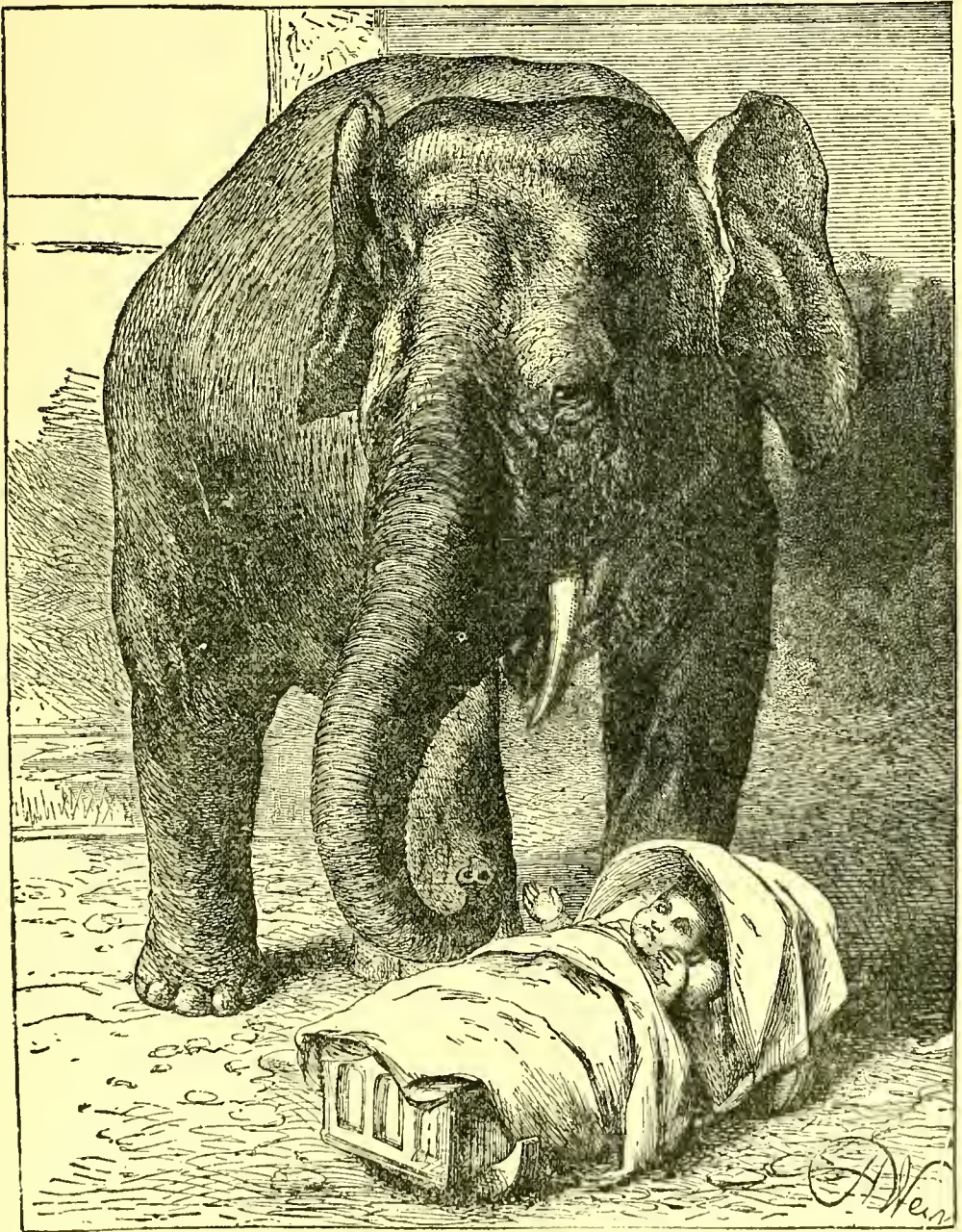
A Roman paper recently published the following incident: "A ten-year-old little girl had fallen into the river Tiber from the parapet of the Ponte Margerita. The crowd who witnessed the accident merely ran hither and thither on the bridge and banks, calling for somebody to help the child—nobody daring to do so. Two policemen spent the time in making inquiries as to whether it was a case of murder or suicide. The child, meanwhile, was visibly drowning, when a dog—a workman's miserable dog, destined to end a wretched day in the Stabularia Municipale (dog-pound)—leaped, barking, into the Tiber, under the eyes of all the screaming but useless crowd. The poor beast, accustomed to feed upon street offal and to sleep in any shed it could find, swam out to the little girl in peril, caught her dress and drew her to the shore. When he saw her in safety the dog jumped and barked for joy, licking the child's face and hands with delight.

#### MINDING THE BABY.

MANY beautiful stories are told about the intelligence and usefulness of the elephant. Although this huge animal is very powerful and can carry heavy loads, he is also very gentle. An instance is related of a lady in India who owned a tame elephant, and who

made a practice of leaving her baby in his care when she would go away from home. The baby was quite safe with the elephant, for the kind animal was

careful not to step on the child when moving about. If he wished to move the baby he could handle it very gently with his trunk.





## GO, YE MESSENGERS.

WORDS BY JOHN TAYLOR.

ARRANGED BY C. J. THOMAS.

*Moderato.*

*f*

1. Go, ye, go, ye mes-sen-gers of glo-ry, go, ye mes-sen-gers of glo-ry,  
 2. Go to, go to ev'-ry tribe and na-tion, go to ev'-ry tribe and na-tion,  
 3. Go! to, go! to all the Gos-pel car-ry, go! to all the Gos-pel car-ry,  
 4. Bearing, bear-ing seed of heav'nly virtue, bearing seed of heav'nly virtue,

Run, ye le-gates of the skies, Go and tell the pleas-ing  
 Vis-it ev'-ry land and clime, Sound to all the proc-la-na-tion  
 Let the joy-ful news abound; Go! till ev'-ry na-tion  
 Scat-ter it o'er all the earth; Go! Je-ho-vah will sup-

sto-ry, That a glorious an-gel flies, that a glor-ious  
 ma-tion, Tell to all the truth sublime, tell to all the  
 hear ye, Jew and Gentile hear the sound, Jew and Gen-tile  
 port you, Gath-er all the sheaves of worth, gath-er all the

that a glorious  
 tell to all the  
 Jew and Gentile  
 gath-er all the

an-gel flies, *pp* Great and might-y, *f* great and might-y, great and  
 truth sublime: That the Gos-pel, that the Gos-pel, that the  
 hear the sound; Let the Gos-pel, let the Gos-pel, let the  
 sheaves of worth, Then, with Je-sus, then, with Je-sus, then, with

*Slower.*

mighty, great and mighty, With a message from the skies.  
 Gospel, that the Gospel, Does in ancient glo-ry shine.  
 Gospel, let the Gospel, Echo all the earth a-round.  
 Je-sus, then, with Je-sus, Reign in glo-ry on the earth.



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ORDERS, RECEIPTS,  
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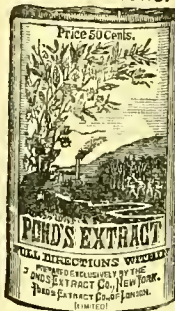
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Piles

Marry This Girl—Somebody!

MR. EDITOR:—

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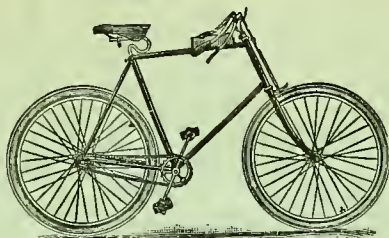
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